State Library 1907

McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

V L. XLIV — SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1907. — NO. 24

PAVING GROWS POPULAR WITH THE CITIZENS.

The People are Recognizing That It's Good Economy.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST PLAN.

It Has Many Advantages and No Disadvantages—A Mark of a Progressive, Prosperous Community—Now is the Time

Two weeks ago we published an article in regard to the paving of Main street which gave a very conservative idea of the cost of this work to the taxpayers of this borough. These figures were not large but we are certain that they will cover all the cost.

In that article we stated that the cost to the borough would amount to about $25,000 and interest, or $32,000, which with the donations as they stand now is an outside figure and that the saving in repairs to this street would cut these figures practically in two. That the additional cost to the taxpayer would amount to about [illegible] per cent of the assessed valuation, or less than three mills per year. But we did not dwell on the many advantages to be derived from the pavement.

In the first place if Main street is paved it will take most of the heavy hauling off [illegible] [illegible] streets during the wet season thereby keeping those streets in much better condition and reduce the cost [illegible] keeping them in repair [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to pave them in the [illegible] [illegible].

There has been some talk that we have been informed that if Main street is paved by general taxation that when it came to paving other streets it would probably be done by assessing abutting property owners instead of by general taxation and thus put a double burden on the people living off Main street. This is the height of folly for in the first place it would be extremely unjust and in the second place two-thirds of said property holders must first give their consent before it could be done in this way and therefore it would be an impossibility even if the council should make the attempt.

The benefits of paving to a town in the way of influencing industries to locate within its borders are manifold and impossible to reckon in dollars and cents. A prominent Kane man who is also a heavy taxpayer in this borough, said the other day to the writer that paving was the beginning of the making of that town and that as an inducement to manufacturers it was more worth all it would cost this borough.

Every year new macadam roads are being built in this vicinity and [illegible] we pave pretty soon the country roads will be much better than the main thoroughfare of our beautiful borough. They are fully as good now and [illegible] more money is spent on Main street in the future than there has been in the past the country roads will soon be better even if they have not been macadamized.

We have also heard the argument that we should wait for "State aid" but if we do that we will lose the large donations, which amount to nearly as much. If we pave Main street now we can get the "State aid" later in making or paving some other street and thereby take advantage of both [illegible].

It seems to us that the only sensible thing is to pave now and we think that a large majority of the [illegible] look at this question in the same light.

Two Boys Injured.

Monday morning about [illegible] o'clock Thomas Woodson and Leonard Bergreen, boys aged about thirteen years were struck by an engine while standing between the tracks at the pump station, says the Kane Republican.

Two trains were coming in opposite directions and in trying to get out of the way of one they were hit by the other engine.

The Woodson boy escaped [illegible] slight bruises about the face while Leonard Bergreen was cut about the leg and received internal injuries. He was removed to the Kane Summit hospital where his injuries were attended to and up to this time his injuries will not prove fatal.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 8, 1907:

Mrs. Ellen Ames, Miss Norma Hughes, Miss Rennie Lamb, Frank McClusky, Master Wilber Marsh.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

House for Rent.

All modern improvements. Inquire at Grand Central Hotel.

High School Team Meets Defeat.

The high school baseball team met defeat at Port Allegany last Saturday at the hands of the clever Port Allegany high school team to the tune of 7 to 0. The locals failed to connect with the stick and at times their fielding was of the ragged order. Sherburne pitched a good game, allowing eight hits and struck out ten men, but the most effective work was done by Fleming, the pitcher for the boys from Canoe Place. He only allowed the locals two scattering hits, struck out four men and passed one. The score follows:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McGowan, cf	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pfaff(?) [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Gallup(?), 3b	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
McClure, ss	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Sherburne, p	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]	2	24	[illegible]	4

Port Allegany	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
A. Bowdish(?)	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	12	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
H. Bowdish(?)	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Grimes, rf	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fleming, p	[illegible]	[illegible]	1	1	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	7	[illegible]	[illegible]	10	[illegible]

Earned runs—Port Allegany [illegible]
Two base hit—McClure.
Struck out—by Sherburne 10, by Fleming 4.
Base on balls—off Sherburne [illegible] off Fleming [illegible]
Sacrifice hits—Smethport [illegible] Port Allegany [illegible]
Stolen bases—Smethport [illegible] Port Allegany [illegible]
Double play—McGowan to [illegible] McClure to [illegible]
Passed balls—[illegible]
Time of game—[illegible]
Umpire—[illegible]

With nine safe hits to their credit, one home run and three two-baggers, while the opponents were only able to secure five singles, the Smethport high school baseball team met defeat yesterday at Kane Field at the hands of the Kane team. The score follows:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McGowan, cf	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Sherburne, p	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]	9	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Kane	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lyle(?), [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
McDonald(?), [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hogan(?), [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Furlong(?), [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
E. Pierson(?), [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Downing(?), [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Peterson, p	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	27	[illegible]	5

Earned runs—Smethport [illegible] Kane [illegible]
Home run—Sherburne.
Two base hits—[illegible]
Struck out—by Sherburne [illegible] by Peterson [illegible]
Base on balls—off Sherburne [illegible] off Peterson [illegible]
Sacrifice hits—Smethport [illegible] Kane [illegible]
Stolen bases—Smethport [illegible] Kane [illegible]
Passed balls—[illegible] [illegible] Downing 4.
Time of game—[illegible]
Umpire—Estry(?).

Death of Mrs. Reed.

Mrs. Julia Smith Reed, wife of the Rev. Henry A. Reed, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Port Allegany, died on Monday morning after a prolonged illness. Mrs. Reed was born in Alden, N. Y., and was married to the Rev. Mr. Reed in 1881. Her life was an illustration of the best things possible to the Christian character—a strong faith, a devout spirit, a warm sympathy and a generous service and ministry to others.

The funeral services were held at the parsonage in Port Allegany on Tuesday afternoon and were in charge of the Rev. Thomas Cardus, assisted by the Rev. John E. Williams, D. D., of Hornell, and by a number of Methodist ministers who were present.

The following ministers attended the services: The Rev. Hugh Boyd and the Rev. J. A. Smith of Olean, the Rev. John Segwalt of Portville, the Rev. C. W. Winter of Ellicottville, N. Y., the Rev. W. H. Smith of Ulysses, the Rev. C. H. Dudley of Port Allegany, the Rev. J. W. Wright of Roulette and the Rev. W. A. Harris of Smethport.

The burial was at Alden, N. Y., on Wednesday afternoon.

Ajax Has Ways of His Own.

Last winter, when the weather was cold, blankets were needed for the horses of Truck No. 1, of the Bradford Fire Department. Blankets had been asked for by those in charge of the horses, the request had been ignored by those councilmen who have been running the Fire Department matters for some time. Horses driven at a very rapid gait to fires, become much heated and blankets should be at hand to throw over them, in winter weather, after the scene of the fire is reached. Mayor Winger realized this and signed an order for a set of blankets. They were procured and have since been in use when needed. But the man who supplied the blankets has not as yet obtained the $7 due him for furnishing the horse-covering. It seems that Ajax Gibbs, chairman of the Joint Fire Committee refuses to "O. K." the bill because the blankets were not ordered by him.—Bradford Era.

WANTED—Logs of all kinds. Hemlock bark [illegible] [illegible] 30 inches delivered to our mill. [illegible] & [illegible].

Official Vote at Primaries.

The official vote at the recent joint caucus as given out by the county commissioners is as follows: Republican—for county treasurer: Bannon, 722; Rubin, 538; Paton, 490; Reznor, 481; Bogart, 278; Walker, 214; Chatley, 55. For coroner: E. R. Sherman, 2,185; E. H. Hall, 5; J. H. Robison, 6; Belva Lockwood, 1; Benjamin Franklin, 1. For delegates to the State convention: A. D. Gould, 1,545; E. J. Jones, 1,593; W. O. Rice, 1,703; A. L. Risden, 1,170; Frank Hamilton, 11. Democratic—for treasurer: R. W. Hilton, 146; Bannon, 10; Paton, 3; Reznor, 3; Bogart 3; T. J. Fennerty, 1. For coroner: Dr. J. H. Robison, 170; W. T. Bogart 1. For State delegate: Frank Hamilton, 175. Prohibition—for county treasurer: S. M. Love, 45; R. W. Hilton, 34. H. A. Pierce was nominated for coroner and C. E. Foster was chosen county chairman. Delegates to the Prohibition State convention were elected as follows: E. K. Kane, H. R. Hilton, Mrs. E. K. Kane, C. E. Foster, J. M. Craven, Mrs. E. O'N. Kane, P. P. Lyon, E. O'N. Kane, G. W. Carl and L. B. Adams. Eleven Socialists cast their votes and nominated Frank L. Smith for county treasurer, and W. S. Clark for coroner, and delegates to the State convention, Mrs. Cora Barr Digel, J. E. Biegel, J. Stuart.

The following is the vote by districts of the Republican candidates for county treasurer:

Districts	Bannon	Bogart	Chatley	Paton	Reznor	Rubin	Walker
Annin Twp	1?				15	4	2
Bradford Twp 1st	5	5	3	14			2
" " 2nd	21			5	7		4
Bradford 1st Ward	25	7	3	5		5	3
" 2nd 1st "	14	1	3	5		3	5
" 1st 2nd "	30	15	2	52	6	1	14
" 2nd " "	29	23	5	22		4	1
" 1st 3rd "	25	7	4	20		12	3
" 2nd " "	21	11		14	1	5	5
" 4th Ward	61	21	7	54	1	7	15
" 5th "	27	14	3	24	6		7
" 6th "	42	19	5	34	1	5	11
Ceres Twp	15				6	3	5
Corydon Twp 1st	11			1			5
" " 2nd	4			1		3	3
Eldred Twp	2	2	5	5		21	4
" Boro	42	4		4	5	21	2
Foster Twp 1st Dist	21	5		6	5	1	1
" " 2nd "	7	2	4	2		1	
Hamilton Twp 1st D	10	11		54	5	2	9
" " 2nd "	1	11					1
Hamlin Twp 1st Dist	22	2	3	5	7	33	1
" " 2nd "	13	11			1	5	1
" " 3rd "		5		17	1	1	7
Kane Boro 1st Ward	21	27			22	11	6
" 2nd "	15	30	3	16	2	22	7
" 3rd "	14	41	1	12	6	11	14
" 4th "	9	21	2	5	7	12	7
Keating Twp 1st D	12	1		1	5	25	5
" 2nd "	5		5	1		33	1
" 3rd "	11	15	1	5	1	6	6
Lafayette Twp 1st D	5	1		5		6	
" 2nd "	15	4		14	1		1
" 3rd "			1	5		5	1
" 4th "		5	1	14			2
Liberty Twp	[illegible]	1		1	75	4	1
Norwich " 1st D	5				4	45	
" " 2nd D				1	6		
Otto Twp 1st Dist	[illegible]	1		7	2	1	5
" " 2nd "	4	1		1			12
Pt. Allegany Boro	5				250	11	1
Sergeant Twp 1st D	11	2			5	36	7
" " 2nd "	1					1	
Smethport Boro	32	6		5	5	190	21
Wetmore Twp	4	11		5	7		2
Total	722	278	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Cold Weather Summer.

According to weather experts and historians this has been the coldest summer season known since 1816. A writer says that there was nearly a famine in the United States in that year owing to the destruction of crops. In 1816 the northern part of this continent, and also Europe, had a visitation of cold which caused that year to be known as the year without no summer, "and as the year of the frost." The following interesting facts are to be found in Rev. Patterson's "History of the Country of Picton, N.S. published in 1887: In the Northern States frost, ice and snow were common. Snow fell to the depths of 10 inches in Vermont, seven inches in Maine and three inches in Central New York. On the 5th of July ice was formed of the thickness of window glass through New York and some parts of Pennsylvania. In August ice formed ½ an inch thick. Indian corn was so frozen that a greater part was cut down and used for fodder. Indeed, almost every green thing was destroyed. A similar state of things existed in England. During the whole season the suns ray's seemed to be destitute of heat. All nature seemed to be clad in a sable hue. The average wholesale prices for flour during the year at Philadelphia was $13 per barrel. The average price for wheat in England was 97c per quart."

Another cold year of the past was 1594. An account of it in an old English writer's quaint language is here reproduced:

"Ther was moch sicknes but lyttle death, moch fruit and manyy plomhs of of all sorts this yeare and am lanlute, but fewe welnuts: this moneths of June wer verry wet and and wonderful cold like winter, that the 10 day of Julii many did syt by the fyre, yt was so cold and so yt was in Maye and June; and scant too fair daes together all that time but yt rayned every day more or lease; yyf yt did not rain yt was cold and cloudye."

For Rent.

The John S. Coady residence on Marvin street. Inquire of J. B. Mundy.

COMMENCEMENT EXERISES OF THE CLASS OF 1907.

A Class of Five Received Diplomas at Lyceum Last Evening.

DR. BOOTHE C. DAVIS WAS ORATOR

The Exercises were Largely Attended—D. C. Young Presented the Diplomas—Class Day Exercises Held at High School Tuesday Afternoon.

The annual sermon to the graduating class was presented by the Rev. W. A. Harris from the text "And Moses said 'I will now turn aside and see this great sight why the bush is not burnt.'" It was an able discourse and was attended by a large number of the relatives and friends of the graduates. Special music for the occasion included a solo by Mrs. John Chapman and a duet by Mrs. W. O. Herzog and Mr. Harry Henderson.

On Tuesday in the lower hall of the school house occurred the Class Day exercises. The hall had been tastefully decorated by the Juniors, and the class colors—blue and red—were much in evidence.

Miss Lena Young, as president of the Class, made a very pleasing speech introductory to the exercises.

Miss Hazel Green traced the history of the class for the four years and then, forseeing the future with the aid of a fairy, told of the eminence and renown to which her classmates would arise in after years.

Miss Jennie Keesler gave the address to the Juniors and the Class Will. That her shots told was plainly shown by the laughter of the audience in which the "gay and debonair Juniors" joined, even though it was at their expense.

In return, Miss Hazel McAllister, '08, responded and showed clearly that the Seniors were certainly as much in need of advice as the Juniors.

Having attained first rank during the four years course, Miss Esther Erhart gave the valedictory. She said her farewells to the Board, the Faculty, the younger members of the school and the class, in well chosen words and a very impressive manner.

The audience was next invited to the west side of the building where Forest Day planted the class ivy and gave the Ivy oration, comparing the future of the class to the growth of the ivy, "ever onward and upward."

During the program, the following excellent musical program was given by members of the High School: Vocal solos by Misses Zela Brasted and Ethel Andrews, a guitar solo by Claude Lyons and a piano solo by Miss Irma Wells.

On Wednesday evening at the Lyceum were held the annual commencement exercises. The orchestra played for an overture "Vandersloot's Bomb" and the Rev. J. H. McCandless offered prayer, after which Mrs. H. C. Wells pleased the audience with a piano solo.

Mr. Allen then introduced the speaker of the evening, Dr. Boothe C. Davis, president of Alfred University, who spoke on "Values in Education." He gave a comparative survey of the education of ancient, medieval and modern times, and then spoke of the economic conditions of the present in the United States and of the type of education needed to adjust our nation to these conditions. He concluded his address by referring to some of the dangers that menace our country's welfare and by suggesting the care and thought which must be expended upon the education of the individual, in order that he should know how to meet and overcome these dangers. It was an able and scholarly address and was listened to by an appreciative audience.

Mrs. F. H. Hungiville, accompanied by Mrs. J. Scott Walker, sang, "A May Morning" and graciously responded to an encore.

The diplomas were then presented by D. C. Young, president of the school board, who spoke in his usual pleasing style, of the excellence of the school and his pride in the graduates.

During the rendering of "Southland Waltzes" by the orchestra the little Misses Marie and Maxine Sasse distributed flowers to the graduates.

The benediction was then pronounced by the Rev. J. H. McCandless.

Notice.

Is hereby given that a contract will be let for the paving for Main street with brick in the Borough of Smethport, McKean county, Pennsylvania, on the 2nd day of July, 1907, subject to the special election for the purpose of increasing the indebtedness of said Borough, to be held June 24, 1907, and plans and specifications on said work may be seen at the office of the Borough Attorney, on the first day of July, 1907. The Borough Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Signed WM. G. HOLDER, Secretary.

All goods sold at cost at store of D. C. Young. Many goods at less than cost in order to close business.

Horse Killed; Driver Injured.

In a collision between a trolley car and a two horse livery rig on East Main street late last night, George W. Show, living at No. 29 East Main street, the driver of the team, was painfully injured and one of the horses was killed. The other animal escaped with a few cuts and bruises.

In the rig were three young couples returning from a drive to Limestone. Mr. Snow was driving. As he approached the bridge he saw the cars coming down the track toward him, but expected to be able to clear the bridge before the car would reach it. In that calculation he was deceived. The car struck the conveyance while it was on the bridge and smashed it throwing the occupants in different directions. One of the the horses attached was killed instantly. The other animal becoming liberated, started of toward the livery barn where it belonged.

Word was telephoned to the city for a doctor and an ambulance Drs. Ash and Hogan responding and Still's ambulance conveyed the injured driver to his residence on East Main street. He was badly bruised and lacerated—cuts on his neck being especially severe. The other people in the rig were very fortunate and sustained no serious injuries.

The horse and carriage was owned by Liveryman Weaver of East Main street. —Tuesday's Bradford Era.

The Missionary Thank Offering.

On next Sunday (third after Trinity) being the 300th anniversary of the first celebration of the Holy Eucharist in the English tongue, on this continent, at Jamestown, Va., according to the liturgy of the Church of England, an offering will be made in all the Episcopal churches, or a subscription, and the total amount presented at the opening service of the General Convention at Richmond, Va., in October. The object of this movement, which has become general throughout the country, is to quicken among men a sense of the importance of the church as a factor in national, social and domestic life, and to awaken and deepen a feeling of gratitude for three hundred years of English civilization and Christianity. Bishop Greer of New York is chairman of the Central Committee and there are subcommittees in every Diocese and parish futhering this movement and bringing it to the notice, and asking the generous response of every man and boy in the church. Offerings and subscriptions will be made in St. Luke's church, Smethport, on next Sunday.

State Educational Association.

The fifth-first session of the Pennsylvania State Educational Association will be held at Greensburg, Westmoreland county, July 2, 3 and 4, 1907. Greensburg is one of the most attractive and most progressive towns in Pennsylvania. It is thirty-one miles east of Pittsburg on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Special efforts have been made to present a program of great worth. The State Teachers' Association is of the highest professional value to teachers. Many school measures found upon our statute books are traceable to the influence of this organization. Every teacher in the state should be a member of this Association. All members will receive a bound volume of the proceedings. The enrollment fee, which is $1.00, may be sent to Prof. David S. Keck, treasurer, Kutztown, Pa.

The National Educational Association will meet in Los Angles, California, July 8-12, 1907. Pennsylvania has been honored in the choice of Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer as president of this Association. Our state should send a large enrollment to this convention.

Bicycle Accident.

Last Saturday evening Ransom Wetherball, more familiarly known as "Jim," met with a serious accident while coming home from the ball game at Port Allegany. When near John Bush's house on Bush hill he was thrown from his bicycle and had his left shoulder dislocated and left collar bone broken.

He says he was riding down the hill at a lively rate of speed and that the light from an out-door gas jet in front of the Bush residence blinded him so that he ran into a deep rut and in attempting to get out of it he lost his balance and was thrown against the bank with the above result.

He was picked up by a comrade and afterwards walked down to the Dodge & Sherburne farm where he got a ride. Dr. Brown reduced the fracture and put the shoulder back and he is getting along as well as possible.

Dry Goods Bargains.

I am offering my entire stock of dry goods, shoes, etc., at great bargains. Call and see the stock before it is all gone. No such bargains can be found again.

F. W. BROWNELL.

Lost.

A Shrine emblem watch charm. If finder returns same at once no questions will be asked.

T. H. PANCOAST.

Subscribe for the MINER.

VACATION TIME IS HERE.

Seger Bros. of New York Make This Startling Offer.

We will give to every cash purchaser of our celebrated Becker Bros. piano a free trip to New York City and return, including board for a 5 day outing, or a free trip and return to the Jamestown Exhibition, including 5 days' board at one of the principal hotels. This we can safely say is the greatest offer ever made in any mercantile business. You secure not only a vacation for yourself but you also get one of the finest toned pianos that it is possible to buy at any price, and this at the same cash figure, we sell the year around. Our reason for making this extraordinary offer is simply this: The weather has been very unseasonable, hundreds of orders that the manufacturer received in the winter and early spring have been cancelled. They are in consequence, overstocked and must necessarily dispose of them at once and at a great loss. We assure you 3 months from now the pianos can never be sold at this figure. We sell direct from the factory and should you decide to visit New York City, we will take great pleasure in showing you through this immense concern and give you an opportunity of seeing this piano as it is built step by step from the first rough board to its finished state. Catalogues containing all the different styles and cuts of the Becker Bros. pianos will be gladly mailed to you on application. Our price for the piano, with either of above propositions included, is $275.00 cash for the large size Becker piano and $250.00 cash for the smaller size. This is a genuine offer and no fake and holds good until Sept. 1st. Our motto is Quick Sales and Small Profits, Live and Let Others Live Also. Cut this out and communicate with us at once for further information.

Respectfully,
SEGER BROS.,
237 West 142 St.,
New York City.

W. T. Seger, formerly of this place, is the senior member of the above firm and the editor of this paper assures our readers that they are perfectly responsible and will carry out their offer to the letter.

The Woman in the Case.

Miss Bessie Wynn seems to be destined to be "the woman in the case" in another sensation. She is the beautiful girl who was formerly the protege of Yerkes, the millionaire. She was the heroine of a novel by Henry James and a social favorite in Europe. When Yerkes was dying in a New York hotel the millionaire wished to see the fair lass and by the permission of his physician, Dr. Henry P. Loomis, Miss Wynn was permitted to visit the patient during his brief illness and she was present when he died. Mrs. Yerkes was furious and would not remain in the hotel. After Yerkes died, it is claimed, Dr. Loomis became very friendly with the lonely young heiress, who was living in sumptuous quarters provided for her by the deceased. Now the physician's wife sues him for divorce and mentions Miss Wynn as the cause of the trouble. This, the Gould case, the Thaw affair and certain other society stories make good texts for sermons on modern high life.—Bradford Era.

"Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire."

Rosella Knott's tour with the well-known Barrie play, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," has been principally through the west and the north west and everywhere the play has been presented it has been received with the warmest expressions of approval, for the reason that it is a play with a real heart interest and one which appeals to mothers and to the women who have the interest of the home at heart. It is a play that young girls and boys can witness and be benefitted thereby—for the play teaches a lesson that youth should learn. It is a play in which a mother and daughter are the central figures and characters are played by Roselle Knott and her daughter, Viola Knott. This magnificent production will be seen at the Lyceum on June 21. Proceeds for the benefit of the Lyceum.

An Ugly Italian.

The jail was the scene of a lively scrap Monday morning, when one of the prisoners, Carmona Giovonni, got up ugly and undertook to show the sheriff that he had made up his mind to run things himself. Giovonni was sentenced at the March term of court for pointing a gun at J. J. Smith at Fishing creek and has given much trouble during his incarceration by his disagreeable disposition. When Mr. Stevens entered the cell the Italian made at him with a knife to "cut his heart out," and the sheriff who has the use of only one arm immediately drew a revolver and fired at him. The prisoner immediately cowered, and has since been handcuffed and living on a very slim diet.

Excursion to Buffalo & Niagara Falls.

Via B., R. Y & P. Ry., Sunday, June 16. Special train will leave Mt. Jewett 8:30 a. m., and returning leave Niagara Falls 7 p. m. and Buffalo 8 p. m. Round trip tickets $1.50. Tickets also good for return passage from Buffalo on regular trains Monday, June 17.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best. therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

A Woman's Back

Has many aches and pains caused by weakness and falling, or other displacement of the pelvic organs. Other symptoms of female weakness are frequent headache, dizziness, imaginary specks or dark spots floating before the eyes, gnawing sensation in stomach, dragging or bearing down in lower abdominal or pelvic region, disagreeable drains from pelvic organs, faint spells with general weakness.

If any considerable number of the above symptoms are present there is no remedy that will give quicker relief or a more permanent cure than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has a record of over forty years of cures. It is the most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine known to medical science. It is made of the glyceric extracts of native medicinal roots found in our forests and contains not a drop of alcohol or harmful, or habit-forming drugs. Its ingredients are all printed on the bottle-wrapper and attested under oath as correct.

Every ingredient entering into "Favorite Prescription" has the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice—more valuable than any amount of non-professional testimonials—though the latter are not lacking, having been contributed voluntarily by grateful patients in numbers to exceed the endorsements given to any other medicine extant for the cure of woman's ills.

You cannot afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for this well proven remedy OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, even though the dealer may make a little more profit thereby. Your interest in regaining health is paramount to any selfish interest of his and it is an insult to your intelligence for him to try to palm off upon you a substitute. You know what you want and it is his business to supply the article called for.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original "Little Liver Pills" first put up by old Dr. Pierce over forty years ago, much imitated but never equaled. Little sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

BAPTIZING SHIPS.

The Modern Method a Survival of a Barbaric Custom.

If fair young women sponsors who take a great deal of pride in breaking a bottle of champagne over the prow of a ship as she slides into the water for her first float knew something about the origin and significance of the launching custom, the chances are they would not be so eager to see the bottle crash and the foaming liquid wet the sides of the vessel.

It is a survival of a barbaric custom when sacrifices were made to the gods and some living victim or offering was held up and its throat cut so that the blood flowed over the prow of the ship being launched. The vessel was baptized in warm blood. Now sparkling wine or pure water is used, and the change has many advantages, though the symbolism remains.

There is another curious custom aboard ship that is interesting in the way it has been handed down to us. When a dignitary visits a foreign country, the moment that his ship enters port a formal salute is fired as a signal of welcome. This custom was observed years ago, when it was considered the correct thing for a port to fire its guns to show the visiting stranger that the citizens and authorities placed such confidence in his friendliness that it was not considered necessary to keep the guns loaded, so all the shot was discharged.—New York Herald.

THE AIR BRAKE.

It Was Ushered Into Actual Use In Most Dramatic Fashion.

The air brake was ushered into actual use in most dramatic fashion. The trial trip occurred in April, 1869. The train selected was the Steubenville accommodation, running between Pittsburg and Steubenville, O.

When the train was going at full speed, suddenly as he came around a sharp curve the engineer saw a stalled wagon in the middle of the track dead ahead. With only hand brakes nothing could have prevented a terrible smashup. The formal time for the trial of the air brake had not come, but the brake was there, and in desperation, not believing for a moment that the thing could possibly avail, the engineer threw on the air. But it did avail.

The observers in the rear were almost catapulted out of their seats by the shock of the sudden stop. But when they saw the engine fairly poking its nose into the wagon bed, so narrow had been the margin between safety and disaster, they forgot all about their shock and stood in awed silence. The air brake had come into its own.—Everybody's Magazine.

Knives Are Tiny Saws.

Knives, no matter how carefully sharpened, are little saws. The grinding away of the steel, done by the stone, is not an even work, but when the edge gets thin is a process of tearing away tiny bits of steel by the grit of the stone. This tearing makes the teeth. A fine stone makes fine teeth, a coarse stone coarse teeth. A carving knife used on meat is sharpened on a coarse stone or a steel and has coarse teeth, although its edge is thick. Its action in parting the meat is more that of a saw than a fine wedge. No matter how soft it may be it will not cut easily unless it is drawn over the meat and not simply pressed down. A razor, however, with its paperlike edge, will cut into flesh with a simple pressure. It is a wedge dividing the fibers of flesh just as a wedge of iron divides the fibers of the log it splits. But a razor is a saw, too, only as it is ground on the finest stones and later finished with a leather strap, its teeth are very fine indeed—hundreds and hundreds to the inch of blade.—C. H. Claudy in St. Nicholas.

Origin of Curtain Calls.

The first curtain call took place on the evening of Feb. 26, 1743. On that memorable evening Voltaire's "Merope" was performed for the first time in Paris. The author was known to the Paris public, but nothing that they had seen of his had pleased them so much as "Merope," and the enthusiasm found expression in noisy demands to see the author. In a letter Voltaire says this of the incident: "They dragged me out and led me by force to the box occupied by the Duchesse de Villars and her daughter-in-law. The whole theater seemed to have gone mad—all shouted to the duchesse to kiss me. The noise became so great that the lady finally obeyed. So I was, like Alain Chartier, publicly kissed, but he was asleep, while I was wide awake." Now authors answer similar calls by appearing before the curtain. They gain in so far that they can be seen better by their audience, but they must dispense with the duchesse's kiss—at least in public.—Berliner Tageblatt.

Pronunciation of "Theatre."

If "theatre" was originally written "theater" in English, has its pronunciation also varied among the orthodox—that is to say, was there ever a time when correct speakers said "theayter," as many of the incorrect still do? There is no direct evidence in verse of a serious kind for such pronunciation so far as we know. Shakespeare certainly pronounced the word as we do now, says a London journal. But since "theayter" does really represent a long "a" of the original Greek and Latin it is not easy to understand how the vulgar could have blundered on to it of their own accord. It would have been more comprehensible if they had turned an orthodox "theayter" into "theater," just as the second "a" in "Amasis" goes too often popularly shortened now. The French language has had to mark the length of the "a" in "theatre" by giving it a rather irregular circumflex accent.

Luck In Falling.

"It's a peculiar thing the tricks that luck will now and then play a chap," said a prominent physician recently. "Take, for instance, the breaking of bones in one's body. Did you ever stop and think how very many hard and high falls a man can have, light on rocky ground with half his body twisted under the other half, so to speak, and come off with not even a scratch? Then, again, a fellow will just trip over his own foot and, falling to the ground, break a leg or an arm. A good many will say it all depends on how one alights, but that seems to have absolutely nothing to do with it, as I have seen a man alight in a certain way from a high fall and never injure himself, and then again have I seen a second chap alight in the same identical way and break a leg and an arm."—Columbus Dispatch.

Shifting the Blame.

Husband—Where did I leave my spectacles last night? Wife—Let me see! I saw them somewhere, but I can't remember where it was. Husband—That's just like a woman—can't remember anything.—Exchange

Bathing In the Ganges.

At Benares before sunrise we went down the river where our boat waited says a writer in the March Travel Magazine, and sat comfortably on the little cabin roof, kodaks in hand, and as the sun rose higher snapped groups of people so absorbed in their prayers that they hardly noticed us. At the more popular places were a mass of young and old who stood for a moment in the shallow water and then ducked under, emptying little trays of flowers or garlands as they did so till the surface of the water was covered thick. As new crowds constantly pressed forward any one who stayed under water more than a second was in danger of having another worshiper on his back. It was a great festival and the estimated number of bathers was in the millions.

The Mystery Solved.

"Why did lovey mawwy dovey huh?" cooed the foolish young married thing as it twined its arms about the neck of its husband.

"Well, you see, we'd been going together quite awhile, Mabel, and you had begun to act this way. So I decided it was the only way I could get rid of you without a breach of promise suit."

And immediately he was rid of her for at least a day or two.—Judge.

Taking Them Down.

Dr. Risk did not satisfy the Calvinistic portion of his flock. "Why," said they, "you dinna tell us enough aboot renouncing our ain righteousness." "Renouncing your ain righteousness?" shouted the doctor. "I never saw any ye had to renounce."—Driftwood.

Prickly thistles have their uses without doubt, but that doesn't justify you in becoming one.—Sparta Plaindealer.

Coming Forth.

Stage Manager—Why didn't you go on when you got your cue, "Come forth?" Super—Oi was waitin' for the other three to go on first. Sure, an' how could Oi come fourth if I wint first?"

L. K. Hogarth

DISTILLED WATER

is absolutely pure water. It is water reduced to vapor and condensed. Filtered water is merely water strained through a filter. No water is chemically pure except

DISTILLED WATER.

None but distilled water used at our fountain and in our prescription work. We are manufacturing a wholesome, home made

ICE CREAM

The Pure Food Inspector has always commended our ice cream soda but this year he will be simply charmed with our plant and the source of our daily fresh dairy cream supply.

Orders for ice cream in any quantity. On Sunday until 2 o'clock and after 6 p. m.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

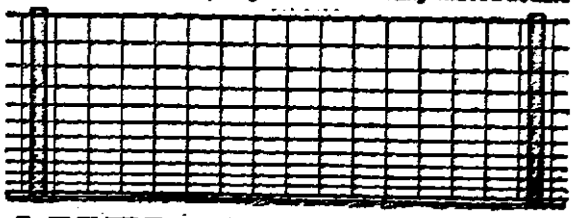
Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

THE BIG STORE.

Stands Like a Stone Wall

Turns Cattle, Horses, Hogs—Is Practically Indestructible



AMERICAN FENCE

Buy your new fence for years to come. Get the big, heavy wires, the hinge joint, the good galvanizing, the exactly proportioned quality of steel that is not too hard nor too soft.

We can show you this fence in our stock and explain its merits and superiority, not only in the roll but in the field. Come and see us and get our prices.

Dairy Supplies, Paints, Oils and Varnishes

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and $1.00 at Druggists

Photo Fancies

For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen

THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 13, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Paving pays

—"Ike" Gleason, the photographer, has a new ad to-day.

—Rumor has it that Smethport is soon to have a moving picture theatre

—The Eagle says that for the first time in five years Eldred has houses to rent.

—Get your seats for "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." This will be by far the best attraction of the year.

—Editor and Mrs. A. D. Gould of Eldred are viewing the sights of the exposition at Jamestown.

—According to the Potter Democrat 500 divorces have been asked for in Potter county during the past 25 years

—T. J. Gilbert, a former Smethport printer and and at one time part owner of the MINER, is now with the Friendship Register as foreman of the composing room.

—There is considerable trouble brewing in high school circles in Bradford. Prof. M. D. Morris, a member of the faculty, was recently ousted by the board of education for lack of discipline, it is said. At any rate, the students have entered a vigorous protest and the end is not yet.

—According to the Port Allegany Reporter a minister raked in his loose change and one hundred and seventy-five dollars which he drew from the bank on a simple little card game put on by some of the sharpers travelling with Cole Brothers' circus. Of course he dropped the wad.

—When it comes to selling printed envelopes the U. S. government is the biggest mail-order house the local printer has to compete with. And yet not a few business men who condemn the practice of patronizing mail-order houses use government envelopes because they can get them cheaper.—Ex.

—A Ceres bride-elect is tired of the regulation wedding music and says she will introduce something new at her marriage. As she enters the church the choir will sing "I Got Mine," and when she and her husband leave the church they will burst forth with, "We Walked Right In and Turned Around and Walked Right Out Again," says the Potter Democrat.

Silence and Science.

Before it was determined scientifically that smoke is waste, smoke was fixed as the final indication and proof of prosperity. Today a smokeless chimney means nothing less than thrift and good management. Similarly we now hear that noise is proof of urban life, progress and activity. We may answer that noise is loss as surely as smoke is waste. Increased comfort is less and noise decreases comfort. Disturbed minds are loss through a reduction of mental force. But these and similar consequences are indirect loss. There is direct loss also. A rattling car means worn bearings and a short-lived vehicle. Otherwise railroads would not spend so much on their roadbeds and they would run trains at higher speed.—Detroit Free Press.

Never Loses His Head.

Many years ago, when William J. Stillman of New York city was representing a newspaper in Greece for the London Times, a report was sent out that he had been beheaded. One of his friends hearing the report, telegraphed to the correspondent this message: "Rumor here that your head has been taken off. Is it true?" It was not until the message had been sent that it occurred to the sender that if the rumor were true Stillman would be the last man in the world to speak about it. But the message reached Stillman, and this was his reply: "My dear boy, a newspaper man never loses his head."

His Poem on a Dog.

The ethereal being with the unshorn locks was shown into the editorial sanctum.

"I have written a poem on the dog," he said.

"Whose dog?" demanded the editor fiercely.

"It is not on any particular dog," faltered the poet.

"Do you mean to say that you took advantage of the dog because it was not particular and wrote your poem on it?"

"I am afraid that you do not understand me. I was inspired by the dog's fidelity."

"If the dog was faithful why should you hurt its feelings by writing a poem on it? Did you have the poor brute shaved and tattoo the verses on its back, or did you brand them on? Perhaps you?"—

But the poet had fled.—London Tit-Bits.

Summer coughs and colds yield at once to Bees Laxative Cough Syrup. Contains honey and tar but no opiates. Children like it. Pleasant to take. Its laxative qualities recommend it to mothers. Hoarseness, coughs, croup yield quickly. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Keyhold Tenure In London.

The curious custom of keyhold tenure still prevails at Crowland, the famous abbey town in the Lincolnshire fens, where there are a number of cottages which are neither copyhold, freehold nor leasehold. They were originally built on waste land, and in each case the possessor of the key holds an undisputed tenancy. Although some of the occupiers have replaced the mud and thatched dwellings of antiquity with brick and slated buildings, they have no power to sell or will them away, for they have no deeds. On a tenant dying the first person to cross the threshold takes his place if he so desires. Many devices have been resorted to to obtain the keys. The properties carry a county vote, but the poor law guardians always refuse to grant relief to the tenants.—London Globe.

A Vegetable Freak.

California has one tree which is the personification of mystery. Found nowhere else in the world, it had a mysterious origin and thrives in a region of mystery. The Mojava yucca is a vegetable freak which has developed into a species. It has the characteristics of several plants, to which no relationship can be traced. It is an endogen, yet its bark shows concentric rings such as characterize the exogenous stems. It lives and thrives in great numbers in a region nearly devoid of vegetation.—P. E. Magazine.

Elephants.

People who really know nothing about it used to say that elephants never lie down to sleep. This is not true at all, says one writer. They have been known to stand for twelve months without lying down to sleep. This is regarded as want of confidence in their keepers and of longing to regain their liberty, for when they are perfectly at ease and reconciled to their fate they will lie down on their sides and sleep peacefully.

A Flippant Jailbird.

"This confinement," said the long faced prison visitor, "must distress you greatly."

"Yes," replied the facetious convict, "I find the prison bars grating."

"Ah, life to you is a failure!"

"Yes; it's nothing but a cell."

Lazy.

Some friends were discussing an artist whose laziness was proverbial.

"He is so lazy," said one, "that he paints nothing but winter scenes to save himself the trouble of putting leaves on the trees."

The Seventh Time.

She—When I accepted Jack he said he felt as if he was in the seventh heaven. He—I can well believe it. He has been engaged six times before.—Fliegende Blatter.

Made Sure of It.

Molly—When you spoke to father, did you tell him you had $500 in the bank? George—Yes. Molly—And what did he say? George—He borrowed it.—Sketchy Bits.

Training the American Officer.

"Demerits" are given to the West Point cadet for the most trifling offenses, such as "gazing about in the ranks," having an "odor of cigarettes in his room" or appearing "on parade with soiled gloves." A rigorous medical examination has to be passed every few months, when the unfit are weeded out.—J. Stanton in Captain.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

A 25c. Bottle of

Kemp's Balsam

Contains

40 DOSES,

And each dose is more effective than four times the same quantity of any other cough remedy, however well advertised and however strongly recommended that remedy may be.

Remember always that KEMP'S BALSAM is the

Best Cough Cure.

It has saved thousands from consumption.

It has saved thousands of lives.

At all druggists', 25c., 50c. and $1.

Don't accept anything else.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c	Emperor and Puritan 30c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c	Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
We Can Please You.	Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's Ice Cream Soda is delicious. Come and try it.

The Lindholm Co.



The Royal

THE ROYAL SHIRT WAIST.

Another large shipment of fine waists now makes our line the most complete in this section.

The "Royal" Waist needs no recommendation to anyone who has worn them for they are perfection in style and fit.

As to price we have them at

1.00 1.25 1.39 1.50 1.75 2.00 2.25
2.50 3.00 4.00 5.00 5.50
8.50 10.00 & 14.00

Ask to see a Royal Waist And you will be shown the Best



The Lindholm Company.

DALY & GARLICK'S HARDWARE.

WE have purchased the Hardware business of H. H. Redfield and are now ready for business. The stock is complete in every line and we are prepared to supply the wants of the many former patrons of this store as well as the new ones.

Hoping to receive your patronage we are

Yours for business,

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 13, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read the laundry's new ad.

—Mt. Jewett has an epidemic of scarlet fever.

—Be loyal to Greater Smethport by voting for paving.

"Ike" Simons, the Bradford clothier changes his ad this week.

—H. M. Choate is confined to his home on King street with illness.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Terry, on Wednesday, June 12, 1907, a girl.

The salary of Postmaster J. C. Gallup has been increased from $1,700 to $1,800.

—Born, on Saturday, June 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. George R. Brennan, an 8 pound son.

—June clearance sale bargains are offered by Fry & Comes in their ad space this week.

—The big department store of Bell Bros., Olean, has an interesting ad in another column.

—Work on the foundation for the building for the cut glass plant was commenced this week.

—The Pennsylvania State Editorial Association is holding its outing at the Jamestown exposition.

—Wm. Glavin has opened a shoe repairing shop in the Gallup building, one door west of Denning's barber shop.

—The home of James Randall of Hazelhurst was entered by burglars Tuesday night and a shotgun and rifle was the plunder secured.

—The county commissioners have fixed the tax levy for the county. The rate for county purposes is 8½ mills and for poor purposes 1½ mills.

—Owing to the scarlet fever epidemic at Mt. Jewett the schools were closed a few days before the regular time, no commencement exercises were held nor were there any Sunday schools held in that town on Sunday.

—Mt. Alton is going to celebrate the Fourth of July. A ball game, ox-roast, clam bake and dance are some of the features.

—Children's Day services in the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday evening. Mrs. W. A. Harris will give the children's address.

—Go to the polls on Monday, June 24, and cast a vote for the paving of Main street, which means progress and prosperity for Smethport,

—Teachers holding provisional certificates will receive a minimum salary of $40, according to a new law recently signed by Governor Stuart.

—Clarence C. Choate has accepted the position of bookkeeper with the Smethport Cutlery Company and will assume his duties about June 20th.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ives of Eldred, on Monday, June 10, a son. Mrs. Ives is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Denning of this place.

—To-morrow, June 14th, is designated as Flag Day and commemorates the 130th anniversary of the stars and stripes as the flag of the United States.

—Work was commenced this week on a new cement walk around the Catholic church property on Main and Franklin streets. A. E. Hackett has the contract.

—At South Bethleham, Pa., on Monday, two amateur baseball teams, the Empires and the Empals, played a 24-inning game, the final score being 3 to 1 in favor of the Empires.

—According to the Pittsburg papers ex-Congressman J. C. Sibley is going to back the Franklin team of the Interstate league. At present the team is in last place in the league standing.

—Subscribers to the Lyceum benefit, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," on Friday, June 21st, may secure seats at Wells' Pharmacy Monday, June 17, at 9 a. m. General sale Thursday, June 20th.

—The Rev. Thomas Cardus will hold the third quarterly conference in the Methodist Episcopal church on Tuesday evening, June 18th. On Sunday morning the Rev. W. A. Harris will preach and have charge of the communion service. The love feast will be held at 10 o'clock.

—J. C. Cunningham wishes to state that doves are pulling corn he recently planted and that unless the owners take care of them he will dispose of them as best he can.

—Mrs. Samuel F. Bates, mother of Congressman L. Bates, was run down by an automobile at Meadville last Saturday and died at the hospital on Monday from the effect of her injuries.

—Smethport will not celebrate the Fourth. The hose company decided at a meeting last Tuesday evening that it would mean too much work on their part so the proposed celebration has been dropped.

—John Dillon died in Buffalo last Sunday. "Count" Dillon, as he was better known, was a "typo" of the old school and for many years was employed on the Bradford papers. He was of a pleasant disposition and well liked and popular among the printers.

—Mr. Henry W. Shoemaker, president of the Bradford Record Publishing Co., and Miss Beatrice Barclay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Barclay and niece of Congressman C. F. Barclay, were married at the home of the bride's parents in Sinnemahoning yesterday.

—A trolley car on the electric line running between Bradford and Olean and containing thirty six passengers broke through a burning trestle near Clarkdale, just outside of Bradford, early Tuesday morning. The car was badly damaged but luckily not a passenger was injured.

—F. H. Goodyear who recently died in Buffalo, left an estate of $18,000,000, of which $60,000 was left to charity. Many servants and employes were remembered. Charles W. Fry, a brother of S. L. Fry of this borough, was a beneficiary in the sum of $3,000. Mr. Fry acted as confidential clerk for Mr. Goodyear.

—While excavating for a water line into the Backus Novelty Company's building on Water street workmen unearthed two coffins in a fair state of preservation. The spot was used for burial purposes some years ago and whenever excavating has been done in that vicinity one or more bodies have been found.

—During the parade of Cole Brothers circus at Buffalo Monday an elephant, which had been acting strangely, reached out his trunk, struck a little Italian boy and then crushed him beneath his huge foot. The boy died at the hospital a half hour later and the elephant was killed by the management of the circus.

—Michael Gaffney, a well-known citizen of Kane, died at his home in that place last Friday morning, after a long illness. He was in his 75th year and had been in poor health for a long time. Deceased is survived by his widow, five sons and one daughter, as follows: W. S., R. J. and H. E. Gaffney of Bradford; A. H. Gaffney of Kane and Geo. M. Gaffney of Maryland, N. Y., and Mrs. E. T. Arnold of Kane.

—The trustees of the estate of Bertha Beilstein, the Allegheny girl who died recently in Los Angeles, Cal., under the name of Olga Miller, following a sensational escape from the Dixmont insane asylum, where she was placed after murdering her mother and attempting to commit suicide, at a meeting the other day announced they were convinced Olga Miller is Bertha Beilstein and have sent a representative to Los Angeles to take charge of the body.

—Geoffrey W. Mayo, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Mayo of this place, will graduate from Cornell college within a few days. He has secured an excellent position as surveyor under the War Department, Bureau of Insular Affairs, in the Philippine service and will set sail for that country on June 28th. The position carries with it a salary of $1400 per annum and Mr. Mayo is to be congratulated on securing it. At present he is passing a few days with his parents.

—William W. Foster, living at No. 62 North Cottage Row, a drayman, was injured seriously injured Tuesday night by falling from the hillside walk on East Main street, a distance of about 18 feet. He was found lying on the pavement unconscious by the crew of a passing street car. His dog, quite dead, lay nearby. In falling, it is evident that Foster had struck upon the dog, crushing out its life. Barring a scalp wound Foster was not badly hurt.—Bradford Era.

I will mail you free, to prove merit samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative and my book on either Dyspepsia, the heart or the kidneys, Troubles of the Stomach. Heart or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment and not the cause. Weak stomach nerves—the inside nerves—mean stomach weakness, always. And the Heart and the kidneys as well, have their controling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves, and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoops Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy ever claims to treat the "inside nerves". Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write to-day for sample and free Book. Dr. Shoop's Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by all dealers.

Man Zan Pile Remedy comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle. Easy to apply right where soreness and inflammation exists. It relieves at once blind, bleeding, itching and protuding piles. Guaranteed. Price 50 cents. Get it to-day. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale or Rent.

Store room and dwelling house. Good location, corner Mechanic and Mill streets. Inquire of Wm. Hafner, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

Miss Jessie Rooney of Kane visited in town this week.

Mrs. C. H. Moore, of Clearfield, Pa., is visiting in town.

Mrs. D. L. Forsythe left for Howell, Michigan, this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup were Bradford visitors yesterday.

Miss Alice Hualey, of DuBois is visiting Miss Katherine Hubbard.

Miss Harriet Brown is a guest of Mrs. Charles Hartmayer of Buffalo.

Mrs. John Blake of Eldred is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Anderson of Colegrove were visitors in town Sunday.

John Higgins of Canada is the guest of his niece, Mrs. James A. McKean.

Rev. F. S. Doyle of Clermont was the guest of Rev. J. F. Dugan last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gleason returned Monday from a few days' visit at Kane.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield of New York City are guests of relatives in town.

Miss Pearl Green, and two friends, the Misses Riley, of Olean are visiting in town.

Mrs. H. Bowen and children of Bradford are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Mrs. E. F. Hunter and daughter, Miss Ruth, were guests of friends in Hazelhurst over Sunday.

Dr. F. C. Pierce returned Monday from Warren where he had been called by the illness of his mother.

Erland Ryden and Roy Colegrove drove down from Hazelhurst Sunday and passed the day with friends.

Misses Kathryn and Flora Horton and Bernice Garrison of Ambridge visited Miss Rose Allen last Friday.

Rev. W. A. Harris attended the funeral services of Mrs. H. A. Reed at Port Allegany on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. George Smart and daughter, Miss Margaret, of Point Marion are visiting their daughter and sister, Mrs. C. C. Choate.

Mrs. S. D. Weaver spent Sunday in Kane and upon her return Tuesday she was accompanied by her niece, Miss Dorothy Lyte.

Miss Harriet Russell of Emporium was calling on friends in town last Saturday while enroute from Mt. Jewett, where she has been teaching school, to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Newman and Carl Allen and chauffeur arrived in town from Syracuse last Friday evening in Mr. Newman's touring car and will pass some time with relatives.

Sheridan Gorton was called to Friendship Tuesday by the death of his stepfather, Walter D. Renwick, who died at that place Monday at the advanced age of 82 years. The funeral was held at that place yesterday.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander left last Friday for Philadelphia where in the evening he attended a smoker given by his class of the University of Pennsylvania at the Southern Club. This week he is representing the Smethport Redmen at the State convention in Lancaster and before returning home he will take in the sights at the Jamestown Exposition.

For Sale.

Six English fox hound pups. Call and see them. ELMER LAMB, West of County Home. Smethport, Pa.

Free for Catarrh, just to prove merit a trial size box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me send it now. It is a snow-white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol menthol etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

Legal Notice.

In the matter of Change of Name of Alex Danielson. | In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County. No. 68, February Term, 1907. Petition filed January 8th, 1907. DECREE.

And now, to-wit, May 10th A. D. 1907, the Court having been petitioned thereto more than three months since, as appears by the within petition, it is Ordered, Adjudged and Decreed that the prayer of said petition be granted, and that the name of Axel Danielson, be changed and the same is hereby changed to Axel Peterson, by which name the said petitioner shall hereafter be known, and notice of this Decree shall be published in the McKEAN COUNTY MINER, a weekly newspaper of the County for four successive weeks.

By the Court.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD

for even the worst of boys; there's but one best in Boys

WASH SUITS

Blouses and Waists. It bears the "Mother's Friend" label; these garments stand the full strain of every day wear and will stand many a washing. An immense assortment is here with such paltry prices as Waists and Blouses for 50c and

WASH SUITS

for 1.00, 1.25 and 1.50.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1, $1.50 & $2

McCALL PATTERNS 10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

JUNE CLEARANCE BARGAINS

We are getting together the small lots now and cutting the prices down in a way to make them pass out quickly. These are all desirable goods such as the present season's styles demand. We must clear up the odd lots, that's the reason for the price cutting which will amply reward you.

SILKS.

A lot of fancy and plain silks in lengths sufficient for Shirt Waist Suits and Waists. 75c grade at 58c. 90c grade at 68c. $1 grade at 78c.

WHITE GOODS.

One lot of several pieces in lengths of from 2 to 20 yards in sheer and heavy weights. Prices reduced ¼ to ½ at 7c, 9c, 13c, 18c and 22c.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

Slightly soiled Gowns, Corset Covers, Drawers and Skirts at less than cost of materials.

FRY & COMES.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

LUMBER YARD

If you are building or repairing come and see our stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, Lime, Brick. Cement Etc., Etc.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

THEY ARE BLUFFERS.

Early in April H. W. Roeder of Farmers Valley decided to purchase a Cream Separator. He had a catalogue from Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, Ill., who offered a 600 pound capacity Separator for $35 on 60 days trial and guaranteed it to skim closer than any Separator built, including U. S., De Laval and Sharples Tubular and also had a standing offer of $1000 for any Separator that would skim closer than their machine did. Mr. Roeder came to me and asked if I would put up a Tubular in competition with the S. R. & Co. Separator. I said I would. Mr. Roeder ordered a Separator from S. R. & Co. with the understanding that it was to go into competition with a Tubular of 400 capacity and the one that done the best work and the easiest to handle he would keep. The Tubular was placed. S. R. & Co. wrote they had too many orders to fill and had to cancel his order. The Tubular is paid for and does very fine work, skimming perfectly clean. Mr. Roeder is very well satisfied and says he is glad S. R. & Co. did not ship the Separator and saved him the trouble of returning it. The best is always the cheapest. Buy the Tubular and be happy.

J. W. WAITE, Smethport, Pa.

HEADQUARTERS —FOR— GRADUATING PRESENTS.

All the most exclusive novelties of the season to be found at

Mrs. M. L. Bisett's.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of GROCERIES and PROVISIONS in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS 10 and 15c

U All No After Dinner Mints 10c and 25c.

BELLE MEAD SWEETS

BON BONS JUST ARRIVED STRICTLY FRESH CHOCOLATES

McCoy's Drug Store

Next to Postoffice.

Provence Roses.

By VIRGINIA TAYLOUR.

Copyright, 1902, by Virginia Taylour.

It was a mild December day—gray, damp and still. In a quaint old manor garden the yellow and white chrysanthemums continued to hold up their heads bravely, and a few belated stocks and violets tried to give a cheerful aspect to that desolate thing, a mixed border that in late autumn has not yet been set in order for the spring.

Today the color in the scene was supplied by the cap of a small boy and the red petticoats of some little girls. The occasion was scarcely one that called for gayety, for the group of persons assembled on the terrace, consisting of a father and his five children, varying in ages from six to sixteen, were gathered together for the purpose of planting a rose tree grown from a cutting which had been taken from the white Provence rose that bloomed above the mother's faroff grave.

Mr. Harcourt, carefully carrying the rose tree, headed the little procession from the conservatory to a lower garden inclosed by yew hedges and full now of leafless rose trees.

The children struggled after their father. Eleanor, the eldest girl, tried to lead by the hand the youngest child,



"SHE LOVED YOU THE BEST OF ALL OF US."

a sturdy boy of six, but he constantly broke away from her to prance in the exuberance of youthful spirits round his father. In the father's manner there certainly seemed to be more of the interest of the gardener than of the sentiment of the widower as he paused beside the plot of earth that had been prepared for the rose tree. He knelt down and with careful hands settled the little plant in its hole and then, keeping it upright, signed to Eleanor, who held a trowel, to put the earth over its roots.

When it was perceived that there was active dabbling in the earth connected with the ceremony, Johnnie, the youngest boy, was immediately seized with an ardent desire to assist.

"Let me help!" he cried, twisting himself with a scowl out of the grasp of an elder brother who tried to hold him.

"Oh, for shame, Johnnie!" "Be quiet, Johnnie!" came in varying tones of remonstrance from the others, except Eleanor, who said gently:

"Let him help. He is the youngest."

"Johnnie wants to help you, papa," Eleanor now said.

"Of course he shall help me, the dear little fellow!" he exclaimed.

The planting of the rose tree was thus accomplished under the fiction that Johnnie's help had been indispensable.

"Now," remarked Mr. Harcourt, rising and stepping back to survey the effect of his work, "if we don't have frost for a few days it ought to do very well. I hope it will, for, to my mind, this old white Provence moss rose is one of the loveliest roses imaginable. It has unfortunately been permitted to die out in most English gardens."

This speech hurt Eleanor. With the inconsequence of youth, she at once jumped to the conclusion that her father thought more of the intrinsic merits of the rose tree than of its tender associations, but the next moment he proved her wrong.

"It was your mother's favorite rose," he added in a different tone. He looked around upon the group. "Children," he said, "I should like to talk to you a little about your mother. She"— His eyes traveled over the faces of his five motherless children, all turned half expectantly, half shyly toward him. Something pathetic in the sight awoke the widower's dormant grief. His voice faltered a little. "She was good—good," he went on hurriedly. "I pray that you may all be like her."

He could say no more, but, turning away, disappeared behind the yew hedge that screened the garden from view.

For a moment the five children left behind stood silent and awed; then, moved by a common desire to escape from this unwonted sense of discomfort, all but Eleanor turned to run away.

Eleanor put out her hand and caught Johnnie by the sleeve of his jacket and detained him.

"Don't go yet, Johnnie," she said persuasively. "I want to talk to you about mother."

The child, subdued for the moment from his usual waywardness, yielded to her touch and voice.

"Oh, Johnnie," she said, and as she spoke the boy, with his head on her shoulder, inhaled the delicate fragrance of the roses at her breast and pinned to his own jacket, "mother loved you so! She loved you the best of all of us. I want you when you grow up to remember that. She used to hold you in her arms before she went away to die and kiss you and cry: 'Oh, that my baby may grow up to be a good man! Tell him he must always be good, honorable, brave and true.'"

The girl spoke passionately, excitedly, and the wondering child beside her, infected by her passion, listened to her, half understanding indeed, but none the less powerfully impressed. When his sister broke down in a storm of tears, he put his arm round her neck crying, while the scent of the roses penetrated yet more strikingly to his senses.

"I will be good, Nellie; I will indeed."

* * * * * * *

Thirty years had passed away since the white Provence rose had been planted in that yew sheltered manor garden. The rose had done well, and it—or others from its stem—still grew and blossomed there. But those who had witnessed the planting of the tree had long since gone their ways in time or in eternity. The elder brother lived alone in the old manor house. The younger had by divers ways acquired fame in a sphere of his own. He was called a great financier. Money grew under his touch. His name on the board of directors of any new company was an instant signal for investors, small and great, to venture their money boldly.

Though a very rich man and growing daily richer, he had never married. The interest of money making absorbed all his faculties.

He was sitting in his private room in the city one day late in June.

"This Finnish Fishtail company will work out very well for me," he said to himself. "But—I wish. Well, it is not my fault that there are so many fools in the world."

He rose and walked to the window and stood looking out across the crowded street. But it was evident that he was thinking of nothing that he saw there.

A tap at the door was followed by the entrance of one of his clerks. "There is a young lady who wishes to see you, sir," said the man somewhat hesitatingly, for he knew that he had failed in his duty when he had permitted it to become a question whether any young lady should or should not see John Harcourt. His nervousness was warranted. The financier frowned angrily.

"I never see young ladies or old ones either," he returned severely. "You know that perfectly well."

"I know, sir," the clerk answered deprecatingly. "But"—

"I begged so hard to be allowed to see you," interrupted a soft, girlish voice, and both men started and turned to the door to see standing there a maiden of two and twenty or thereabouts.

"Don't be angry with me," she pleaded as her auditors, rendered dumb by her audacity in appearing uninvited in the great man's sanctum, stood staring at her. "I followed him up. Don't send me away. It is so important that I should see you and ask your advice."

She was young and very pretty, and there was something irresistibly pathetic in her voice. The financier was, after all, but a man.

"Well," he answered, smiling, though a little grimly, "since you have contrived to evade the guardians of my privacy, you shall have the reward your courage deserves. Come in."

The clerk retired much relieved. John Harcourt handed the girl a seat and placed himself again before the writing table, facing her. She was slim, graceful, gray eyed and flaxen haired. But he had seen pretty girls before and was prepared not to allow her beauty to affect his judgment beyond reason. She was dressed in deep mourning, relieved only by a bunch of white roses tucked carelessly into the bosom of her gown.

"It is about the Finnish Fishtail shares that I went to ask you," she began.

His face contracted slightly, but he did not speak. He merely inclined his head to indicate that he was listening.

She wanted to know if he advised her to invest her money in them. She had come up from the country that morning expressly to ask his advice. She went on to explain very simply and clearly that since her father's recent death a certain sum of money had become her own. It was practically all hers and her mother's fortune. She had no trustees. She was at liberty to do what she would with it, and of course she and her mother were very anxious to get as large an income from it as possible. The Finnish Fishtail company offered so much higher interest than dull things like consols and railways.

"Only," she added, looking confidingly at him, "sometimes when you put your money into companies you lose it."

His face contracted again, but again he only nodded assent, his eyes fixed on the white roses tucked into her gown. They stirred some vague memory within him while he listened to the story she went on to tell him of a friend of her mother's, a widow with many children, who had put her money into the Banana Jelly company and had lost it all.

John Harcourt had made money by the Banana Jelly company in a perfectly legal way. He would make money, also in a perfectly legal way, by the Finnish Fishtail company, whether others lost or won.

"And now," the girlish voice went on, "the children are starving, and she is trying to support them by taking in needlework, which she does not know how to do. Is it not dreadful?"

"It is always a mistake for ladies who do not know how to watch the money market to invest in new companies. Better invest in consols. It is better to be content with a lower but safer interest," he concluded.

The girl looked disappointed, but she recognized the sincerity and finality of his tone. Murmuring something about having her train to catch, she rose to go. As she did so the bunch of roses in her gown fell to the floor. John Harcourt stooped to pick them up, and as he took them in his hand their fragrance penetrated to his senses, and the vague memory that had half unconsciously disturbed him for the last quarter of an hour started into distinct shape before him.

The present faded from his view. The years rolled back, and he stood, once more a child, in the yew hedged manor garden. He lived again through the scene of the planting of the rose tree.

How had he fulfilled the hope of that prayer? He stood so long holding the roses in his hand and looking down at them with the look of one whose mind was far away that the girl wondered.

"I must go," she said at last. "Thank you very much for your kindness in advising me."

Her voice recalled him to the present. He looked at her. She was holding out her hand for the roses.

"If you really wish to thank me," he said, "give me these."

For an instant she stiffened, her young dignity wounded. But when she glanced at him she realized that there was no thought at all of her behind the request, and the stiffening fell from her.

"With pleasure," she answered simply.

"Where did you get them?"

He asked the question as he crossed the room to open the door for her.

"From a lovely old yew hedged garden which the lady with whom I am staying in Hampshire took me to see yesterday," she replied.

"Ah!"

The exclamation was so sharp that the girl once more looked at him in surprise, but his face was impassive. He was holding the door open for her. As she passed out he said:

"If you know any one who has shares in the Finnish Fishtail company, tell them to sell at once."

He closed the door behind her and, sitting down again at the writing table, laid the roses before him.

From his mother's garden! It was years since he had walked in that garden in the time of roses. His brother's life and his lay far apart. It was but rarely that he could find time to run down for a day's visit to the old home, but now as he sat with his head in his hands and the scent of the roses floating up to his nostrils he was there again. It was from the roses on his sister's breast that the scent came, bringing with it her voice:

"Oh, Johnnie, you must never do anything that mother in heaven would grieve over!"

Would she grieve over the ruin of those widows and orphans whose folly was no fault of his?

That gentle sister had long since passed away, but now as he looked back on his own early life and hers he saw how faithfully she had striven to fulfill a mother's part to him. He remembered once hearing some one say, "That girl is her mother over again."

Once more his arms were round her neck, and with the scent of the roses permeating his senses he was promising that he would never do anything that might grieve his mother in heaven.



DESIRED THE CLERK TO HAVE IT POSTED AT ONCE.

He bowed his head upon the roses and long unaccustomed tears rose to his eyes.

Half an hour later he had written a letter which made him liable for all the money which the ignorant public had invested in the Finnish Fishtail company. He rang the bell and desired the clerk to have it posted at once.

John Harcourt knew himself. He knew that tomorrow he would probably regret his action and curse himself for a sentimental fool, but tomorrow it would be too late. The deed would be done, as far at least as the Finnish Fishtail company was concerned.

He walked out of the office financially a much poorer man than he had been for many years. Morally? He inhaled the fragrance of the roses and for that day at least murmured "Thank God."

DETECTING A FORGERY.

Pen Scope and Slant Cannot Be Imitated With a Free Stroke.

In many criminal trials the charge of forgery is proved or disproved by handwriting experts. A man may be convinced that a signature is his own, when along comes a handwriting expert who never saw him before to tell him that it was written by some one else.

How does the expert know? Apparently by a few general principles, by a marked power of deduction a la Sherlock Holmes and by a measure of common sense. Harold N. Sandberg, a well known expert, explained some of the methods of his profession in the Chicago Tribune:

"The expert in chirography may put a juror to the proof that out of a dozen signatures of his own name no two will be alike in general form. Then he may turn to the authentic and forged signatures in almost any case and show to the layman that the first question of forgery arose from the fact that these two signatures at a first glance are identically alike to almost the minutest detail. With all the skill which the forger puts into his crooked work, he keeps to the old principle of copying the authentic signature which he has in hand, and the more nearly he can reproduce the signature in every proportion the more readily the forgery can be proved.

"One of the most important facts from which the expert may begin his investigations of possible forgery is that every man using a pen in writing has his 'pen scope.' This technical term describes the average stretch of paper which a man may cover without lifting the pen from the paper and shifting his hand to continue the line.

"In the case of the signature of one's name, it should be one of the easiest and least studied group of words which he is called on to put upon paper. In writing a letter, for example, the pen scope through it may show an average stretch of one inch for the text of the letter, while in the signature the whole length of the signature, twice as long, may be covered, but if the writer covers this full stretch of his name in this way the expert may prove by the shorter pen scope of the copyist that the studied copy is a forgery on its face, for, however free of stroke the forger may be, naturally his effort to produce a facsimile of another man's signature will make his scope shorter than that of the original signer.

"One of the commonest means of reproducing a signature is to put the genuine signature on a piece of glass, lay another piece of glass on top of it and fasten the piece of paper that is to receive the forgery on top of that. Then by holding the glass strips to a bright light the original signature casts a shadow through, which may be traced in pencil. From this tracing the ink forgery is completed.

"But when a forgery done in this way is put under a strong magnifying lens it will not bear scrutiny. If the original has a strong down stroke on the capital letters the movement will be free and will leave the pen lines with smooth edges. The man who is tracing such letters cannot trust himself to the same free movement of the pen, and the result under the glass shows hesitation and uncertainty."

Trailed by Indians in New York.

Bishop Hare of the diocese of South Dakota was sent west many years ago as a missionary bishop of the Episcopal church. He founded the mission at the Rosebud Indian agency, and it was his custom to give each Indian that he confirmed a silver cross of a peculiar pattern.

A number of years ago a lady from New York was visiting in South Dakota, and the bishop gave her one of these crosses.

Some years after that there was a general convention of the Episcopal church held in New York city, and several Indians were sent as delegates, all wearing Bishop Hare's crosses.

Arriving in New York, they were dazed and at a loss to know how to find the building where the convention was to be held, but stoically they started out upon the street. Soon after they met a lady, whom they immediately began to follow. Whenever she turned, wherever she went, they went too. The lady became much annoyed and finally thoroughly frightened to find that wherever she went a line of red men was trailing behind her.

But investigation explained it. She wore their cross, and they, seeing it, had believed her one of their number who would surely go to the meeting they wished to attend, so they had taken her for their guide.

How a Road in Ireland Was Made.

The way in which the Irish imagination accounts for the curious notch in the Devil's Bit mountain, Tipperary, is indicated in its very name. But there are two versions of the legend. According to one, it is said that Nickie Ben, just to try how sharp his teeth were, bit a piece off the upper edge; but, finding it rather too hard even for his digestion, he threw it up at Cashel, in the same county, where it has remained ever since. In confirmation of the story it is gravely asserted that the rock of Cashel would exactly fit into the gap left in the aforesaid mountain. In London Notes and Queries the tale is told as follows: "In the Barnane mountains, near Templemore, Ireland, there is a large dent or hollow, visible at the distance of twenty miles and known by the name of the 'Devil's Bit.' There is a foolish tradition that the devil was obliged by one of the saints to make a road for his reverence across an extensive bog in the neighborhood, and so, taking a piece of the mountain in his mouth, he strode over the bog and deposited a road behind him!"

Pinoules for the kidneys strengthen these organs and assist in drawing poison from the blood. Try them for rheumatism, kidney, bladder trouble, for lumbago and tired worn out feeling. They bring quick relief. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwicks Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for Piles and its action is positive and certain. Itching painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickle-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

Through Shaft 7.

By LVLV JOHNSON.

Copyright, 1902, by Homer Sprague.

"Are you positive that this assault was committed on the evening of Thursday of last week?" asked the judge.

"About 10:30 on that evening," assented Calman.

"It takes six hours to go from here to the mine," pursued the magistrate.

"I can do it in five on Tenny."

"Not better than that, though. Well, at 12 o'clock on that night I took a drink with Beecham, the accused, in the Golden Crown. Case dismissed until we can find out who did it."

The judge clambered from the bench, an elaborate structure of grocery boxes, and looked about expectantly. Calman stepped forward.

"I suggest that the fact that there really is a Golden Crown be proved," he said genially.

"Motion sustained," ordered the judge, and the entire party retired across the street to drink with such others as might already be there at Calman's expense.

But while the evidence was beyond question and Calman accepted the alibi, he was none the less convinced that it was Beecham who had led the attack. Beecham not only bore a bad reputation, but he deserved it. Ever since he had come to Silver Springs he had headed all the villainy of the little mining camp, and more than once it had been remarked that the Lucky Hole produced a surprisingly large percentage of rich ore. No one had ever been able to prove that this ore came from other mines than the one to which it was credited, but suspicion lay heavy upon Beecham, who worried not at all.

For more than a year the Addie-Etta mine had suffered from the depredations of ore thieves. As the mine was on the other side of the range, it was a surprise that Calman should have charged Beecham with the theft of the rich ore, as it was impossible to take it over the range, and by the divide it was a good twenty miles. There was plenty of richer ore nearer at hand, yet Calman was positive that in Beecham he had succeeded the man who had fired at him when an attempt was made to put the robbers to flight.

There were three marauders in the party, and they had vanished so mysteriously in their retreat that there were some who ascribed to the disappearance supernatural agencies. It was not humanly possible to drop out of sight in the bare, unwooded valley as the robbers had done.

But ghosts have no use for rich ore, and Calman held to a different opinion, in which he was upheld by Ruth Clare, the only woman at the Addie-Etta. She was the sister of Ned Clare and acted as bookkeeper and stenographer to Calman.

"We'll get them yet," he promised as he recounted the result of the trial. "They are costing us more money all of the time, and it will soon reach a point where they will cut off the profits. I'm positive that it was Beecham I saw, and yet there were a dozen men whom I can believe who saw him taking a drink in the saloon not more than an hour after he was here. Why, he could not have made it in a balloon, and yet I'm still convinced that it was he at both places."

"Then it remains to be seen how he made his way so quickly," she said quietly.

"We simply must find out," he insisted. "I was counting on getting married this fall, but with the reduction in the profits I am afraid that we shall not make enough to reach the bonus."

"I don't mind waiting, dear," she said quietly. "But for the sake of all of us I want to see the mystery solved, and it must be solved."

Several days later Calman, coming into the office, found a little child installed there.

"Who's the youngster?" he asked carelessly.

"Beecham's little girl," she explained. "She was lost on the mountain. I found her with a sprained ankle, crying her poor little heart out. We must send her home."

"Beecham's child!" His voice was harsh. "Probably spying for her father."

"No, dear." Ruth laid a gentle hand on his arm. "Beecham is wrapped up in the little girl. She is all he cares for."

Her pleading won, and late that afternoon Ruth drove up to the Silver Springs House with the child beside her. Already searching parties had set out, but a gunshot signal brought them back, and Beecham rather awkwardly thanked the girl.

"I'll do as much for you some day," he promised, not realizing how soon he would be called upon to redeem his pledge.

The following week he brought the child over to see Ruth.

"She's been crying for you," he explained, "and I didn't have the heart to say 'No' to her. I know I'm not welcome here, but Daisy wanted to see you, so I had to come."

"I'm glad that you did," said Ruth cordially as she took the child in her arms. Beecham looked on approvingly. There were few women in Silver Springs as yet, and the little girl sadly missed feminine care.

Ruth and the child were still romping when a man came running toward the office.

"Mr. Calman is hurt!" he cried. "They are bringing him to the house."

Ruth dropped the child and sped toward the little cottage where she kept house for her brother and his friend. Beecham followed more slowly, carrying the whimpering child. Calman had been brought in by the time he arrived and lay on the bed, white faced, but uncomplaining. The mine physician looked grave.

"The leg is badly crushed," he said. "We can contrive bandages and splints, but I must have some things from the Springs, and I am afraid that they will come too late. It will be at least ten hours. By that time it will probably be necessary to amputate the leg."

Ruth's despairing cry brought Beecham to her side.

"You love him, don't you?" he demanded.

"We are to be married when he gets his raise," she explained.

Beecham looked from her to his little girl. Even in that moment Ruth regarded him curiously, for many things were to be read in his changing expression. Then he stretched forth his hand.

"Give me that list, Doc," he demanded, stretching out his hand for the memorandum the other had prepared. He darted from the house and ran rapidly toward the head of the valley.

An hour later, with torn clothes and dirt begrimed hands, he was back again. With the proper dressings Calman was soon made easy, and they turned to look for Beecham. He and the little girl were gone.

It was a week before he came again and Calman was able to see him.

"I'm going away," he announced. "I told you that I'd pay back what Miss Clare did for my little girl, and I did. Now I'll tell you how I did it. You were right about that ore. But I was in the Golden Crown, just as the judge said I was.

"The Lucky Hole backs up on that abandoned shaft 7. We blasted through one day. I don't think you realize how deep 7 shaft runs in. We fixed up a curtain covered with quartz in case any one came in, and we used to take your ore through our tunnel. That's how I could prove an alibi. I cut off the big trip to the pass and up the other side.

"I've made a deed for the Lucky Hole to your girl. It's to be her wedding present from my little girl. She had a way the kid liked, and I want her to have the mine. You can fix the tunnel up so as to take your ore wagons through and cut off the long haul. That'll be worth something if the mine itself ain't. Will you shake hands, Calman? I know I'm an ore thief and all that, but I'm going to make a fresh break for the kid's sake. Will you shake?"

Calman gripped the hand.

"Why not stay here and work it out?" he asked.

Beecham shook his head.

"I want to get away where they can't tell the kid about me," he explained. "I've got to make a brand new start. It will help some if I know that you two are happy and married. It will be the first start of the new try."

He turned to Ruth, but did not offer his hand.

"The kid wanted you to have that," he said, offering a tintype. "She's got you to thank for this. When I saw her in your arms I realized that there were good women in the world, and the kid has a right to know 'em."

He turned abruptly and left the house. Ruth watched him turn into shaft 7 for the last time; then she came to Calman's side, but there were tears in her eyes for Beecham, who had made it possible that she should always be beside her lover.

Endowing Two Chairs.

The college president who figures in the following incident doubtless suffered a cruel shock at first, but when he found that his benefactor was acting in good faith and was thoroughly in earnest amusement over the situation must have made some light amends for his disappointment:

He was on a trip to secure an endowment for his institution when he received this letter from Lone Tree:

President—Can you preach at Lone Tree church next Sunday and then go home with me to dinner? Mother and me wants to endow two chairs in your college. Very truly, JONAS SMITH.

He joyfully accepted the situation after discovering that Jonas Smith was a very wealthy farmer, to whom the endowment of two chairs would work no hardship. After the dinner which followed the sermon the conversation came to the important subject in hand, and the farmer said: "Now, I know you can buy a good, strong, stout chair for 50 cents, but we want to do more than that for the college, and mother and me have decided that we are willing to give 75 cents each to endow two chairs, one for mother and one for me."

Husband's Costly Lunch.

A Woodbury man who had been enjoying himself greatly felt hungry when he got home about 1 o'clock in the morning.

"Where did you put the cold cabbage, dearest?" he called upstairs to his wife, who had coughed loudly to let him know it was useless to take off his shoes.

"On the second shelf in the pantry," she answered harshly.

He found the cabbage and the oil, vinegar, salt and pepper, cut up the cabbage, dressed it to his taste and ate it with appetite.

"George, why didn't you eat the cabbage last night?" asked his wife when he appeared, rather shaky, for breakfast.

"I did; it was fine!" said George; "so thoughtful of you to keep it, dearest."

"Why, it's on the pantry shelf," she cried.

Filled with apprehension, Mrs. George searched the second shelf hurriedly. There she had left four yards of lace worth $20, in a bowl of starch. The lace was gone.—Boston Herald.

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A TURN of THE WHEEL.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

Copyright, 1907, by Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

It was summer in Ballymoran—long days of blue and white and green, the blue of the sky, the white of drifting clouds and the bright green of the Irish turf. Gorse rose golden in the fields; wild roses bloomed by the hedges, fragile and exquisite, yet full of snares for the unwary. Many an eager child plucked at them only to withdraw a scratched finger.

Terry O'Rourke, looking up from his potato patch, philosophically observed that "thim flowers were as sharp as they were swate, ivry one o' thim," and then smiled to himself, thinking of Clodah Mulvaney. Hazel eyed she was, with red brown hair, cheeks like a wild rose and temper as keen edged as the prickliest thorn.

"Yet, faith, what matter about the thorns," said Terry, "if the rose be worth the winning!"

He was as quiet and determined as Clodah was hasty, and if, as his neighbors declared, he was a bit slow in his lovemaking he was none the less sure. True, he had a dangerous rival in Jim Hagan, who had lately fallen heir to a legacy and who had spent the half of it on a brand new jaunting car fit for the mayor himself. It was in this that Jim had begged Clodah to accompany him to the Gulmullet fair, some ten miles distant.

"Thank ye kindly, Jim," she answered, "but I've promised to go with Terence."

"Well, thin, it's myself that will have to ride alone," sighed Jim disconsolately, "for, sure, there's no one in Ballymoran who can take your place at all at all."

The night before the fair Clodah and Terry sat before her door discussing the joys of the morrow.

"We'll start early," said he, "and be back by nightfall."

"And I'll wear my best dress, with the blue ribbons," said Clodah, "and keep my coat in the back o' the cart."

"I mistrust ye'll have to hold it on your lap, mavourneen," said Terry, "on account o' the pig."

"Pig!" cried Clodah.

"I'm going to take the pig along in the back o' the cart. 'Tis a foine price I'm expecting to get for her, and"—

"Terry O'Rourke," shrieked Clodah. "do ye think I'd ride in a cart with a pig?"

"You've done it before."

"Niver with my best dress on."

"Lave your best dress at home, thin," said Terry humorously.

Clodah saw no humor in his remark.

"You can choose betwain us," she said haughtily. "Will ye take me or will ye take the pig?"

"But, Clodah, girrul, be reasonable. The pig can do ye no harm. She's as clean as an angel and as well behaved, and 'tis my only chance o' selling her."

Clodah stamped her foot.

"I've given ye your choice, Terry O'Rourke. Once and for all, which will ye take?"

Terry was usually slow to anger, but now a danger spark burned in his eyes.

"I'll take the pig," he said.

Clodah flew inside and banged the door.

Next morning she passed Terry's cabin, riding with Jim Hagun in his jaunting car. Her muslin dress was as blue as the sky, and its many ribbons fluttered in the wind. Terry was out in his garden, and Clodah feigned not to see him, though Jim glanced round with a look of triumph.

"How are ye, Terry?" he called out. "'Tis a foine day for the fair."

And they rattled gayly down the road, the new yellow wheels of the jaunting car shining in the sun.

Terry gazed after them. All the brightness seemed gone from life. It was as if the candle of his happiness had been blown out, leaving him in utter darkness. "'Twas a wise man," he muttered, "who said that fortune was a fickle jade. A turn of her wheel—and where are ye now, Terry O'Rourke?"

Then he harnessed up slowly, put the pig in the cart and took the road for Gulmullet.

There was no one to see Clodah drive out of Ballymoran save a few old women and children. The rest of her neighbors had risen with the dawn and set out for their fair hours ago. Clodah, being of two minds whether to go or not, had kept the ardent Jim waiting till she reached a conclusion. Now they rolled swiftly along in order to make up for lost time. The road was almost deserted save in the distance, where there were a few tardy wayfarers like themselves. And these, too, having the start of them, soon vanished. Clodah was contented enough. She felt that she was looking her best, and if she had any doubts on that score Jim's fluent tongue would have reassured her. She answered his lovemaking with laughing banter, and he was declaring for the twentieth time that he would make the kindest husband in the world when the jaunting car gave an abrupt lurch, and Clodah found herself sitting on one side of the road, while Jim scrambled up from the other. He did not even pause to ask her if she was hurt.

"Oh, be the powers," he ejaculated, "look at my foine car! The wheel's off, ruined entoirely."

"If it's the wheel that's troubling ye"— But Clodah's sarcasm was lost on him.

"My foine car!" he cried over and over again. From where they stood it was five miles to Ballymoran and five to Gulmullet. The fields and bogs stretched away unbrokenly to the sky line. There was not a cabin in sight.

"Well, can't ye do something?" said Clodah. Her ankle was paining her, and the sun was very warm.

But Jim was better at repartee than at meeting emergencies, and with his head on one side he considered the situation.

"I'm thinking we'll have to foot it," he said gloomily.

There was a sob in Clodah's voice.

"My ankle's wrenched, and 'tis not a step further I'll go," she avowed.

"You sit here thin and I'll go for help," said Jim, his face brightening.

"Yes, and it's fair time and the country full o' vagabonds! That's a grand idea, Mr. Jim Hagan, to leave me alone entirely by myself!"

Jim wilted.

"What'll we do, thin?" he demanded.

"We'll sit here till some one comes," said Clodah.

So they sat. Birds sang in the long meadow grass. A hare flitted by like a shadow. Nothing else stirred. The road stretched away white and deserted. Tim moodily scanned the horizon, and Clodah wondered if the sunlight would fade her ribbons. She wished devoutly that she had never come. Who could have supposed that her pleasure jaunt would end like this?

She cast a quick glance at Jim. The great, unfeeling unathaum! Never once had he asked her how she felt or if her fall had shaken her! Ah, Terry was the lad! Terry always knew what to do! And she had lost him—lost him through her own folly! Well, there was no good in thinking of that now, and she blinked hard to keep back the tears. It was near noon. Her throat was parched, and the pangs of hunger were astir. The sullen silence of Jim wore on her.

"Why don't ye say something," she burst out, "instead o' sitting there staring like a bump on a log?"

"Whist, Clodah, here's some one coming at last!"

Through a cloud of dust appeared a rickety little cart drawn by a gray donkey. Terry was on the front seat. The pig rode stolidly behind. At sight of their plight Terry halted. Clodah hung her head and could not raise her eyes. It was Jim who spoke first.

"We're in a fine mess," said he. "The wheel's broke, and Clodah's hurt her ankle."

"Has she now?" cried Terry, a note of anxiety in his voice.

"'Tis not so painful whin I sit still," said Clodah, "but 'tis like the curse of all the crows whin I try to walk."

"I'll tell ye the best way out," said Terry. "I'll take Clodah with me to the fair, and thin I'll send some one to help ye with your jaunting car. How will that be suiting ye?"

There seemed no other way, and Jim muttered that it would suit him very well.

"And you, Clodah?"

"If—if ye will take me," she said humbly.

"Here's a piece o' bread for ye, Jim," said Terry, "and a bit o' goat's cheese. Belike it will shtay your hunger till help arrives. Don't ate it too fast," he called back after he had helped Clodah up on to the seat beside him—"don't ate it too fast, for 'tis rich and likely to give ye the dyspepsia."

For awhile Clodah and Terry rode in silence. Then, "Clodah, girl," said Terry tenderly, "'tis a churl I am at times, but I meant nothing by it. Will ye forgive me for what I said last night?"

"Forgive ye," cried Clodah—"forgive ye! Oh, Terry, I'd rather ride with you and fifty pigs than with Jim Hagan and a coach and four!"

Russia's Great Library.

One of the proudest monuments to the memory of that benevolent despot, Peter the Great, is the imperial library of Russia, established by him in 1714. Present ranking places it third among the world's great libraries, preceded only by the National library at Paris and that of the British museum at London. It contains a million and a half volumes and 25,000 manuscripts. The most important accession it ever received was probably at the time of the suppression of the Society of Jesus in Russia, when most of the Jesuit collections were transferred to the imperial library. Among them was the famous collection of Count Zaluski, consisting of 200,000 volumes and 10,000 manuscripts, which had been installed at the Jesuit college in Warsaw. The most important manuscript in the library is the "Codex Sinaiticus" of the Greek Bible, brought to Russia by Professor Tischendorf in 1859 from the Convent of St. Catharine on Mount Sinai.—New York Tribune.

Comparative Color Blindness.

If a thousand men gaze at a garden of flowers, fifty of them will see the colors falsely. If a thousand women view them, nine hundred and ninety-six or seven will perceive the hues correctly. Of the six colors of the rainbow, which, mingled in thousands of combinations, give all the varying hues of sky and sea, of mountain and valley, some are never seen by the color blind or are felt only as light and shade of black and white. Very few persons are totally color blind, yellow, blue and violet being rarely lost. To the totally color blind all landscapes and objects are like an engraving in black and white.—Edward A. Ayers in Century.

Rattlesnakes.

Some persons believe that, in addition to ejecting venom through their fangs, rattlesnakes have the power to throw off poisonous dust. Some persons, it is claimed, are able even to smell a snake some distance away.

Told on Herself.

"My, Tuffeigh is a smooth faced young man, isn't he, Matilda?"

"Why, I thought it felt—I mean"—

"Matilda!"—Judge.

Diplomatic Reticence.

The social reformer was paying a visit to the convicts in the penitentiary and asking them various questions.

"And what are you doing here, my friend?" he said to a good looking man in the shoeshop.

"Making shoes," was the reply that discouraged any further conversation in that direction.

Excursion to Niagara Falls & Buffalo.

Via B, R. & P. Ry., Sunday, June 16. Special train will leave Mt. Jewett 6:30 a. m. and returning leave Niagara Falls 7 p. m. and Buffalo 8 p. m. Round trip fare $1.50. Tickets also good for return on regular trains. Buffalo on regular trains.

HE HAD HIS DOSE.

An Incident of the Terrible Battle of Montmirail.

In February, 1814, the French army made a heroic stand against the allied forces of Europe, and in one week retrieved for a short but glorious period its lost prestige. Though composed largely of half raw recruits, it escaped from the very center of 250,000 foes, attacked an army of 70,000 men, won 4 battles and captured 68 cannon, 6 generals and 28,000 prisoners!

After the terrible fight at Montmirail Major Bancel, staff surgeon to the guard, was attending the wounded as well as he could, close behind the columns still engaged. Looking up from one unfortunate man whose wounds he was dressing, he perceived within a short distance an old mounted chasseur of the guard, who was tranquilly smoking his pipe and watching the surgeon.

Bancel did not at first pay any attention to him. By and by he noticed the man again, still in the same posture, tranquilly smoking his pipe.

"What are you doing there?" cried the surgeon.

"Smoking," answered the man. "Does the major forbid me to smoke?"

"What!" returned the officer. "Aren't you ashamed to be loafing around here while your comrades are covering themselves with glory?"

The chasseur blew out a cloud of smoke and, driving his right spur into his steed, made him execute a half turn. Then he said, taking his pipe out of his mouth:

"Look, major. Don't you think I have got my dose as it is? Can I do anything more?"

The major looked. The chasseur's leg was shot off half way between the knee and the ankle, so that his left foot was hanging and dangling against his horse. The veteran's question required no answer. But it may be surmised what care and attention the surgeon lavished on the imperturbable chasseur.

LINCOLN'S GROCERY.

Result of One Partner's Hunger and the Other Partner's Thirst.

A giant in stature, he was as awkward as he was strong. His rustic appearance was enhanced by an ill fitting suit of homespun. Thus at the head of the ox team he made his debut in the outer world, without means, without education, without influence. This may seem a sorry beginning, but let it be remembered that if on that day he had graduated from Harvard in a fashionable coat the gates of history would probably have been closed against him.

Mr. Lincoln's first business venture resulted in downright failure. He formed a partnership with one Berry, under the firm name of Berry & Lincoln, to carry on a grocery, for the purchase price of which the firm note was given. Berry was a jolly, irresponsible soul, who was born thirsty and who gave his undivided attention to that part of the stock known as "wet groceries." Mr. Lincoln, on the other hand, having a keen appetite, devoted himself to the crackers and cheese, smoked herrings and other edibles at the dry end of the shop. This happy adjustment rivaled the familiar case of Jack Sprat and his congenial spouse, but the meager stock could not long withstand the inroads of hunger at the one end and thirst at the other, and a crisis came which required the sale of the remnant of stock. The purchaser defaulted, and Mr. Lincoln was left to pay all the liabilities—a task which plagued him for several years. Thereby he had impressed upon him a legal proposition that a partner is liable in solido.

It is related that Mr. Lincoln bought a barrel of a customer, in the bottom of which, among other rubbish, was found a copy of "Blackstone's Commentaries." This was a great find for the law student, but as the book thereafter engrossed his attention the grocery business collapsed. Thus ended the first lesson.—J. V. Quarles in Putnam's.

A "Jumbie Bird."

In the West Indies is found a bird called the sunset bird, because half an hour before sunset and half an hour before sunrise it utters its peculiar cry of "Soleil couchez!" The natives call it a "jumbie bird" (a bird possessed of the devil) and say that to kill it would bring death to its slayer. Another bird found in the same region is the "Soufriere bird," which makes its home near the volcano of Soufriere, and among the natives there is a strong belief that the first individual to see this bird will die, while the most horrible torture by evil spirits awaits the man who kills it.—Minneapolis Journal.

Call Early For Good Ones.

At the end of a big ball one of the guests went into the cloakroom at 3 in the morning to put on his things, and the attendant came forward with a coat.

"That isn't my coat," said the guest. "Mine is a perfectly new one."

"A new one? Oh, I haven't any new coats left after half-past 12."—Sourire.

The Human Brain.

The human brain has not steadily increased since paleolithic times, and as Professor Lankester tells us, by way of concrete illustration, the brain of Isaac Newton was not much larger than that of an Australian black.—London Outlook.

Wonderful Effect.

Mrs. Money Bags—I hear you have spent a great deal of your time in Italy? Mrs. Parvenu—Oh, yes, my dear; we're quite italicized.—Princeton Tiger.

The tears of the night equal the smiles of the day.—Rousseau.

The bites and stings of insects, tan, sunburn, cuts burns and bruises are relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolized. Acts like a poultice, and draws out inflammation. Try it. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Notice.

Lot between Dr. Brown's and Pickersgill's on Main street can be bought at a sacrifice before June 22. Write or phone August Linde, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Headache and constipation disappear when Dades Little Liver Pills are used. They keep the system clean, the stomach sweet. Taken occasionally they keep you well. They are for the entire family. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

Think of Clothing
Think of "SIMONS"

Want a Square Deal
Come to "SIMONS"

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DIGESTO COFFEE.

Digesto is free from injurious Caffeine and Tannin.

Digesto is absolutely pure coffee.

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Digesto is packed in 25 cent packages, containing 10 bags, each bag making from 2 to 3 cups of exquisite coffee.

J. Colegrove,
Smethport, Pa.

We Call Your Attention

This week to a large and beautiful line of

Ladies Shirt Waist and Suits

for summer. Come early while the stock is complete.

Also showing all the latest styles in early summer millinery.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

Public School Financial Statement.

Of Norwich District, McKean County, Pennsylvania, for the fiscal year ending June 1st, 1907:

Whole number of schools	4
Number of teachers employed	7
Number of pupils enrolled in all schools	141
Amount of tax levied for building purposes	$1107 05
TREASURER'S ACCOUNT—MONEY RECEIVED.	
Balance on hand from last year	$1031 07
Received from State Appropriation	924 54
From collector including taxes of all kinds	1098 60
From county treasurer, unseated lands fines, etc	5330 81
Total receipts	8383 48
TREASURER'S ACCOUNT—MONEY PAID OUT.	
To building houses	694 00
For teachers' wages	2935 00
For rent and repairs	241 84
For fuel and contingencies	106 68
Salary of secretary, expenses, stationery, postage, etc	101 41
For printing and auditors' fees	2 55
For debt and interest paid	914 75
For enforcing compulsory law, books and supplies	378 89
For old accounts	151 22
For vouchers	657 91
For all other purposes and sundry expenses	80 90
Total Money Paid Out	4816 71

WM. WILSON,
T. N. MATTISON,
LAWRENCE HERZOG,
Auditors.
FRANK STANBURN,
President.

L. F. BROWN
Secretary.

License Transfer Notice.

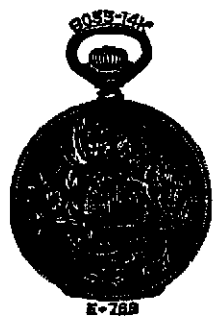
Notice is hereby given that the application of Samuel St. Clair, present residence, Port Allegany, Pa., occupation, restaurant keeper, for the transfer of a restaurant license granted to the said Samuel St. Clair May 16th, 1907, at a building on the corner of Pearl and Maple streets in the Borough of Port Allegany, McKean county, Pa., at June Sessions, 1907, to sell vinous, malt and brewed liquors by retail, to the building one door south of the aforesaid building situate on the west side of Pearl St., in the said Borough of Port Allegany, will be heard by the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, at Smethport, Pa., on Monday the 1st day of July, 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m.

W. H. WOODRUFF,
Clerk.

June 19th, 1907.

New Spring and Summer Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. • Smethport

Ordinance No. 67.

RESOLVED BY THE TOWN COUNCIL OF THE BOROUGH OF SMETHPORT THAT THERE BE GIVEN

NOTICE

To the Electors of the Borough of Smethport of a Special Election to be held on Monday, June 24, 1907, as per following

ORDINANCE NO. 66.

Entitled an Ordinance to establish a pavement on Main street in the Borough of Smethport, and provide for the cost of constructing same.

Be it ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Smethport in the County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, and it is hereby ordained by authority of same:

Section 1. To improve the condition of Main street in the Boro of Smethport, and at the proper cost and expense thereof, it is hereby ordained that a suitable brick pavement shall be constructed and laid on Main street between the points known as the corner of Main and East Main streets, commonly known as McCoy's Corners, and the intersection of Main street with Long street, thirty feet in width from Long street to Church street, forty feet in width from Church street to Hill street and thirty feet in width from Hill street to the corner of Main and East Main or the point known as McCuys Corners, together with such additional paving as is necessary to include the lateral sidewalks over the intersecting streets, and the necessary amount of grading, curbing and drainage incident thereto.

Section 2. To provide for the cost and expense of constructing such pavement the Town council desires to increase the indebtedness of said Borough of Smethport in the sum of $29,069.01, or so much thereof as may be necessary to defray the cost of such construction (which sum will increase the indebtedness of said borough to more than two, but to less than seven per centum of the last assessed valuation thereof) provided the assent of the electors of said Borough can be had to such increase of indebtedness, at an election to be held, as shall be hereafter prescribed by resolution of the Council and notice to the electors.

JOHN F. ROONEY,
President of the Council.

Attest:
W. G. HOLDEN,
Secretary of the Council.
Approved this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1907.
EDGAR W. STRONG,
Chief Burgess.

For the purpose of obtaining such assent, there is hereby proclaimed an election to be held in due form by the legally constituted officers, at the usual place of holding elections in said Borough, upon the 24th day of June, A. D. 1907, between the hours of seven a. m. and seven p. m.

The Secretary of the Council is directed to insert a notice embodying a copy of the foregoing ordinance in the McKean County Miner and in the McKean Democrat, weekly newspapers published in said borough, once a week during thirty days prior to the day of said election, and in order to give the information and notice required by law, the following statement is declared:

The amount of the last assessed valuation of the taxable property in said borough is $478,819.00

The existing funded debt of said borough 4,357.50
Assets 1,183.79
Making a total present indebtedness of 3,170.71

The percentage of the actual net increase in the indebtedness of said $29,069.01 is ascertained to be $.06329 of the last adjusted valuation of said Borough.

The said proposed increase of indebtedness of $29,069.01 as authorized by the electors of said Borough is intended to be used wholly, or so much thereof as may be necessary to defray the cost of constructing said pavement provided in Section 1 of the foregoing ordinance together with the curbing, grading, drainage and such other expenses as are incident thereto.

JOHN F. ROONEY,
President of the Council.

Attest:
W. G. HOLDEN,
Secretary of the Council.
Approved this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1907.
EDGAR W. STRONG,
Chief Burgess.

Charter Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Friday, June 14, 1907, by R. W. Elliott, Ralph E. Burick, Thomas W. Camp, C. D. Burdick, C. D. Comee, George R. Rinehart and Frank D. Reynolds, under the Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "SMETHPORT CUT GLASS COMPANY," the character and object of which is to manufacture glass and glass ware of all kinds, including cut glass, and the dealing in, buying and selling of such glass ware at retail and wholesale, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

GALLUP & BOUTON,
Solicitors.

Smethport, Pa., May 31, 1907.

Professional Card.

Attorneys.

Gerton & Richmond,
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E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
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E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.
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John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
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ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 2 p. m.
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